Barracks Over There Built in Record Time

Portable Huts for Pershing's Men Completed Here, Knocked Down, Shipped and Reerected

COMPLETED PORTABLE BARRACKS

PERSHING'S men will not swelter under stuffy tents this summer. The last of the portable barrack units hewn from sweet smelling Southern pine were shipped to France last week. Within a few weeks they will be erected at the rest camps of the American expeditionary force and will bring the number of barrack units of our foreign force to a total of 2,025. Placed end to end these barracks would cover about twenty-five miles. The last shipment marks the accomplishment of another great feat by American business men. And like many another it has been given scant attention or comment.

The story of the Southern lumbermen's race against time and of how they slipped under the wire without a moment to lose is one of the thrilling chapters in the story of America's first year in the war. The race started late in September when Gen. Pershing cabled an urgent request that as many "knockdown" barracks as possible be shipped at once. The War Industries Board had been alive to the possible need of stormproof barracks and had been studying the problem. Through the cooperation of lumbermen plans were quickly whipped into shape and advertisements sent out.

Many of the lumbermen of the country held up their hands in surprise when it was found that the Government wanted by January 1 a total of 2,025 barrack units—500 to be 20x21, 750 to be 20x49 and 775 to be 20x98 feet—aggregating twenty-five miles of barracks twenty feet wide. In addition to sawing out the lumber, cutting it and making holes for the bolts, it was stipulated that all fabricated sections should be painted. It was a herculean task, but J. H. Burton & Co., prominent in Southern lumber trade, accepted the dare of the army officials and set out to show what American industry can accomplish.

Less than twelve weeks was allowed the contractors in which to get the lumber from the woods, cut it by pattern and paint it. They knew they would have to do a lot of close figuring and would be forced to avail themselves of every opportunity to get lumber from the woods. The Shipping Board was calling for millions of feet of timber for ships and the mills were turning out great yards full of wood for building the twenty-five aviation camps.

The men in charge of the drive knew that Southern pine was to be had, but first they must prepare mills for rapid cutting of the raw product. More than a dozen such plants were erected, being adjuncts of sawmills at Mobile, Port Arthur and Pensacola. To these mills between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 feet of lumber was rushed.

Of the 30,000,000 feet of lumber which had to be worked into shape only about 4,500,000 had been sent to the paint yards by November 20. But at that date every facility was oiled to its smallest bearing and the way was clear for the final dash. Early and late the great swarm of workers hustled the timber from one process to another. Holidays were forgotten and overtime and its extra pay taken merely as evidence that every man was doing his bit.

The weather began to halt transportation in the North and the effects were mirrored in the South. Nail and paint shipments failed to reach the mills. Appeals began to pour into Washington. Finally the shipments were found sidetracked in congested railroad yards. They were attached to through express trains.

At the opening of the last week posters told the workmen of the big job ahead of them. They must turn out more lumber and finished products than ever before. Every trick of the trade was brought into play to hasten production. In the last day the men worked almost continuously. And at 11:55 P. M. on December 31 the last board was nailed to its frame and the last unit was ready for shipment.

The contract was finished on time.

The barracks now being put up in France are of Southern pine and are so thoroughly standardized that panels from a Louisiana or Mississippi fabricating plant are interchangeable with those from an Alabama or a Carolina plant. On practice trials one of the units has been erected in two hours. The Government is so pleased with the job that moving pictures are to be made showing the manner in which they are shipped and the ease with which they are assembled.

Lumber Men Exceed Efficiency Ideas in Finishing Enormous Undertaking on Schedule Time

Ship's Mascot Cat Deserts a While to Win a Prize

SHORTLY after the big liner President Lincoln had been taken into the United States transport service it was decided at the officers' mess that she needed a mascot and Paymaster J. F. Loba was deputized to go forth and procure the most unusual specimen possible of any well known animal and bring it on board to supply the aching void.

Apes were not to be considered for the very obvious reason—but the reason cannot be given. It was not articulated at the mess table.

Thus instructed, Paymaster Loba started on his mascot quest. He knew in advance that it would not prove a long one, for the cunning paymaster has a fondness for cats and it was his foregone conclusion to procure an animal of that kind. In fact, he knew pretty definitely where to go to get what he wanted.

Up in Kingsbridge, where he occasionally calls on relatives when he gets shore leave, he had seen, from a distance, what had seemed to him the very king of cats. Thither he bent his steps and soon had made the acquaintance of Joefife, a splendid silver tabby of registered stock having a coat of beautiful stripes on a smoke background.

It was one thing accomplished to have hunted to its lair the mascot and another to get it away from its lair, in this case the adoring arms of its mistress, who couldn't think of letting Joefife join the navy, at least she couldn't until her patriotism had been sufficiently stimulated and she realized that she had really if unconsciously raised her cat to be a sailor.

Joefife's own preference seemed to be all for the briny, and a day or two after he had been inducted into his cabin on board the President Lincoln he went about meticulously investigating every darkest corner, making friends with all on board irrespective of rank and carrying out his reputation of a great jollier. Quite suddenly his mood changed.

This was the night before the ship was to sail. Whether or not the mascot got the wind before the ship did and feared a return to port would not be made before the date of the fall cat show is not known; but the day the President Lincoln steamed out of the lower harbor Joefife was not on her.

Two days later a dirty, disreputable cat with a dishevelled tail tried to creep unnoticed into the pretty hallway of a villa in Kingsbridge. The maid reached for the broom, but her mistress with the eye of affection recognized her former love.

"It's Joefife!" she cried. "Oh, you poor darling, how they have abused you!"

Cleaned, brushed, refreshed, Joefife held his usual court at the cat show a few weeks later and took a blue ribbon and two specials. All was as usual and he seemed to have forgotten his brief flirtation with the sea.

But he had not forgotten, for when Paymaster Loba on the return of the President Lincoln went to break the news of Joefife's mysterious disappearance the very first person to rub up against his legs inside the door was the disappearing mascot, Joefife himself! He went back to the ship gayly and as if returning to his favorite quarters, and he has manifested no desire to run away again.

Indeed, he appears to love the seaman's life and he has chosen a point of observation near the muzzle of a U-boat rifle, which would indicate his desire to gain the complete technical equipment of a first class marine. Joefife's first owner firmly believes that he ran away for no other cause than to be in the cat show as usual and capture the prizes.

Woman Police Deputy Writes Poetry for Fun

(Continued from page nine.)

outer our world, cannot mean anything for the great masses, cannot save or make better or count in the great world which, at large, is honorable and upright and fine."

"Yet, at any moment any one of us might commit a murder."

"It has been said quite truly that we are all potential criminals. It is true that environment makes most of us what we are. Then we must change the environment.

"How? Through Socialism?"

"Certainly not." She looked displeased. "Socialism has nothing to do with it. Socialism is another dream of a class of people who see wrongs, but not rights. No, I think it can only be attained by education, education of the senses and of the mind, education in what is desirable because it is best, education of the heart, teaching it to reach that point where it will not be an effort but a pleasure to respond to those things which are fine in themselves and which neither outrage the heart nor the theory."

"But is such a thing possible?"

"It becomes impossible only so soon as you give up all hope of the human race and that I have not done."

"And what of death?"

"But that is a subject of which I know so little."

"That is why I want you to talk about it—it is the one medium by which one has to come to a conclusion through feeling and not theory."

"Well, death has always touched me very deeply. Why? Because it is so inevitable, so lasting, so unexpected, so imminent. Why do you regard it as you do?"

"Because it is so terrible to see all the gestures gone."

She half closed her eyes, turning a golden whistle over and over in her palm.

Leaning forward I saw that it was a police whistle and that on the table lay a badge.

"My jewelry," she said. "The only jewelry one should wear—the symbol of one's labor for humanity. Jewelry, by the way, is the first mistake made by mothers. They should forbid their children the wearing of rings and necklaces. Thus many a girl has been led to her ruin. Jewelry is vanity and vanity is destruction."

"And, now, tell me about yourself."

"I am Irish, you can tell that, can't you? Yes, Irish all the way from Ireland. I married in 1888 after having studied to become a teacher. My husband, who was an expert accountant with a firm of importers, died in 1898, leaving me with five daughters. I took up dressmaking. Two of my daughters died. It was a hard struggle, but I have never been afraid to work.

"About this time I grasped the civil service idea, passed my examinations, and was appointed probation officer and served so for eleven years in the New Jersey avenue court, Brooklyn."

"But most women left without support and with a family could not have done as well. Too many women are ignorant of life and too many are without a practical means of support."

"Very true; that is the tragedy of it. Women, you know, I have great faith in. Especially women who have borne children, for through the bearing and rearing of children comes wisdom.

"My advice to all women is first to learn a trade, have something at their finger tips and then to marry and have a family. A women who has not had children knows no more of life than one blind.

"This does not mean that I am advocating the rearing of six or seven children. It really does not matter so long as you can say 'I have borne.'

"I think that women are fitted for a great many things. There are plenty of places in public life where they can serve. They are excellent secretaries; they make good waitresses; they are librarians of the most careful type. There are hundreds of things that they can do besides vote.

"I do not like to see them doing work, however, that is entirely unsuited to them, as I said before. Housework is, after all, their master art. Did you ever see a man who could keep a house in proper shape? No, and the State, the world, the entire administration and public life, what is it if not housekeeping on an immense scale, but this does not imply that they must necessarily run cars, any more than one would expect them to bring in the coal or to kill the hogs.

"In my work there are many things that only a woman could understand. It takes a woman to know the temptations of women. That is why I have women detectives; that is why I would like to have women at every dance hall and every moving picture and along the beaches in summer. That it why I should deeply regret the removal of women from the outside world."

"And your daughters, Mrs. O'Grady—what do they think of their mother?"

"They think it most scandalous," she said with bright eyes, "that a woman of my age should be sitting in Police Headquarters at the beck and call of every unfortunate. Yet I love the work and I don't think I have an enemy in the world."

"And now," said I, reaching for the door, "tell me what you think of the Russians?"

"Ah," she sighed, turning to her papers so that I saw only the parting in the pretty white hair, "I enjoy Tolstoy a little more than anything else in the world."